THE HAPPY VALLEY

" We are such stuff as dreams are made on ! We have lived out our day to the uttermost ! Yet what remains ? "

So on to the Happy Valley whose keynote is Felicity.

Is it because the Great Ones who send light to the West have their dwellings, it is said, in the fastness of the Kashmiri Mountains that all the beauties of Europe seem to be poured out here at Their feet as in a jewelled mosaic ? From Murree to Srinagar the Himalayan ranges are hung in imperial purple below the ermine mantle of their sovereign, Nunga Parbat, who looks what he is, a monarch of the world's mountains, soaring second only to three in pride. Then down, down to the Jhelum's gorge, whose keynote is anger, the indignation of a guardian, stern but helpless, who has seen his fair ward ever ravished by spoilers, this gloomy ravine which once re-echoed to Alexander's men,, the ring of their horned helmets*

And the valley is carpeted to its amethyst walls by tawny plush of English buttercups dashed with blood red spattering of

poppies,
and the white rose wafts the perfume of its wedding array, and poplar colonnades of

Holland